



FAMOUS  
MONSTERS

#71  
1970

# FAMOUS MONSTERS<sup>®</sup> OF FILMLAND



FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN:  
LON JR. VS. BELA IN A FILMBOOK LIKE NONE THAT HAS EVER BEEN SEEN!

gusko

# HERE IT IS!



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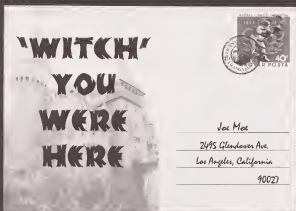
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FM #71

# SPEAKING OF MONSTERS



Sal-mutations, Brooders & Sss-sisters!

Mighty Joe Moe here once again to sneak all of you Famous Monsters into Filmland through a secret door in my Moe-soleum. Yep! Forry's still away, so we rats shall play! Just don't end up on Renfield's rat-ka-bob. C'mon in, if you dare! Skulk around. Touch everything. Nothing is off-limits—not even Uncle Forry's coveted Chocolate Nut Chews (he keeps hidden in his "badroom"). If you're extra awful, I'll take you on a tour of Grisleyland, the dusty basement of this 18-tomb Ackermansion. There you'll find a graveyard of old scary movie props. They come here to be mummified and you'll be dumfified at the sight of em! What's that? Oh, the arm dangling from the mandibles of our man-eating plant, Chewy? (a Venus Guytrap) That's just what's left of the mailman from our local Pest Office. He's clutching a handful of horrorspondence. Aha! A Ghostcard from the Ackermmonster himself. A picture of the Carpathian Stakehouse! Garlic wreathes hanging everywhere. No reflection on the chef. Hey, the chef casts no reflection! This message must be urgent. Forry sent it Scaremail, worst-class! Looks like Mr. Sci-Fi is still on the Fly (put down that rock, Vincent)! But our fearful leader says he's keeping one evil eye on us. On our cover, Frankenstein meets the Wolfman—and they fight like bats and dogs. At a recent Horrorwood shocktail party, Wolfy accused Frankie of being artificial and boy did the fur fly! But Ygor patched things up between them with a little spirit gum, yak hair, and a couple of extra stitches. In this Issue we also put the "Ick" in Comick books! Plus you can expect all the creepy creatures and frightening features you've come to loathe in FM! Forry wants you to know that he's given his cramp-of-approval to the Kong-tent in these pages and that he'll be ambling his way back to Karioffornia faster than you can say, "Don't-step-on-that-spider-it-might-be-Lon-Chaney (gasp)!" Speaking of the Man of 1000 Faces, I do wish Forry (the Fan of 1000 Places) would send a treasure map to help me dig up that lost LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT article we promised you oh, so long ago. But for now, explore the Ackermansion! Visit Willis O'Brien's King Kong kast of dinosaurs. Ogie the Gogos. Try on Lugosi's Dracula ring. If it gets stuck, we can always add one more finger to the collection. Forry signs off, "Beast Witches!" Wait, there's a PS: "Keep out of my Chocolate Nut Chews, or else!" Ooops! Spilt em' out!

Sin-scarily, your monster-cuz,  
Joe Moe



## HERE THERE BE MONSTERS?

I have been a reader of your magazine since issue #12, THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF. I haven't missed an issue since then and my favorite monster is Boris "Frankenstein" Karloff. The first time my dad took me to see that movie was for my 10th birthday and I've loved it ever since. I even got the Aurora model of Frankenstein and put it together and put it on my desk to see everyday when I do my homework. But I wish that the model was harder to put together. Sometimes, when I wake up in the middle of the night and see it there on my desk I almost believe that it moved just a little.

I really loved issue 70 and your BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN article. It was really good and I've read it 3 times so far. But there was one thing I didn't understand. Why did you put HERCULES IN NEW YORK on the cover? I guess I ask because, from what I can tell, the movie doesn't have any monsters in it. I was a little disappointed to find out that the biggest monsters in the movie were some union dockworkers. And the scariest thing about the movie was the real last name of the main actor, as I learned about in the issue (although it sounds like his real voice is even scarier than his name). I will always love Famous Monsters, but please just remember to include some actual

monsters next time.

**HARVEY SIENIEWICZ**  
Rockford, IL

## WANTED! More Readers Like



**MICHAEL CULHANE AND BARNABAS COLLINS**

## BEAST IN THE EAST

Imagine my surprise (visiting grandparents family in Lebanon) discovering our first FM (#68) on downtown Beirut newsstands a block before finding HORROR OF DRACULA on the movie theatre marquee and seeing our first Hammer film on the big screen! MYSTERIOUS ISLAND indeed! We hadn't seen anything like this at home but now our eyes are peeled (ouch!). Your magazine is great and to our horror and delighted surprise made back here in the USA - I'll be looking for it here in NY now on the way running home from school to watch DARK SHADOWS on TV every day featuring our new best fiend Barnabas (see photo)! My

Dad took my brother and me along to see how they make the show (the family was on set in NY - and on location for the new DS feature film too!) when he got assigned to cover not only Barnabas but us, the kids he calls 'CreepyBoppers' who watch "Creature Features", for the upcoming issue of Newsweek, which we hope will now become a magazine more like FM as a result! This will be the best Halloween ever here in Sleepy Hollow country. Can anyone argue: 1970 has been a horrible year!

**MICHAEL CULHANE**  
Hollywood, CA

## I AM WOMAN, HEAR ME ROAR

Thank you, thank you, thank you! I was so happy to read Elizabeth Haney's article in issue 70 about being a woman AND a monster fan (as if the two things couldn't possibly go together). Despite being a wife and mother, I've loved monsters my whole life. I even put together Aurora model kits for the past 9 years (starting with Frankenstein in 1961) and now enjoy putting them together with my two sons. And you can bet I'll be first in line when SCARS OF DRACULA, starring my favorite Dracula—Christopher Lee—hits our theater in December. Just remember, it was my husband who spilled the popcorn during SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN (I guess he took the title a little too literally). Let's hear it for Monster Girls!

**DIANNE WESTING**  
St. Louis, MO

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**OUR COVER:**  
Joe Jusko re-creates the epic battle from FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN.



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# A PAL OF MINE



From winning the Famous Monsters film competition to Princeton and the American Film Institute, Paul Davids' love of movies and monsters makes him an imagi-moviemaker to watch. Now, under the guidance of George THE TIME MACHINE Pal, Paul's career looks to be taking a journey to Middle Earth and beyond.

## Dear Forry,

I was thrilled with FM #68 with its cover from MYSTERIOUS ISLAND--and especially when I got to page 23 and discovered that you wrote about our wonderful day together, with George Pal, when I invited you both to the American Film Institute Center for Advanced Film Studies to speak to the Film Fellows.

You wrote in #68: "George Pal was discussing his filmic future recently at a round table of 20 new talents assembled in Hollywood at the American Film Institute. Paul Davids asked him about his future plans--Paul Davids, a young man who just a few years ago was featured in the pages of FM when he was a winner in our amateur films contest with his version of SIEGFRIED SAVES METROPOLIS. George Pal mentioned: 'METROPOLIS is one of the many projects I have in mind. Being a classic, of course, it poses a great challenge to make a worthy remake, and it would be incredibly expensive. But any time you show a technological world of the future it's expensive, and HG Wells never wrote with budget in mind, so his WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES will be a costly & important picture. It's the one I'm working on right now, with Richard Matheson, who scripted Verne's MASTER OF THE WORLD. It's a tough script to lick--so far it's defeated about 12 writers. But Wells is worth it, and I hope to produce another picture you'll like as much as WAR OF THE WORLDS and THE TIME MACHINE.'"

That day you came to the AFI in Beverly Hills was one of the most exciting days of my life, and everyone appreciated having you there to talk about FAMOUS MONSTERS and the Ackermanson, and about your long friendship with the master producer/director George Pal.

So Forry, here's what's been happening since I saw you that day. George Pal called me up and told me he's actually interested in having me write THE HOBBIT for him! He loves Tolkien and knows that I do too. I won't be able to start on it right away, because he has to look into the rights issues before he can offer me a deal, but he would like to do it for United Artists or Paramount, and his plan is that I will write



Gregory Peck and George Pal share a laugh.



HG Wells returns from the future looking much like young imagi-movie auteur Paul Davids.

the first draft of the treatment, and that could get me into The Writer's Guild, so I have been brushing up on Bilbo Baggins and Smaug the Dragon. Somebody else might write the script after I wrote the story treatment, but that would be okay--or maybe George will give me first crack at the script if he feels that I am ready. One of the other students at the AFI, a fellow named David Lynch from Pennsylvania who made a really weird amateur film called THE GRANDMOTHER, told me he doesn't think even George Pal could make a film of THE HOBBIT because of all the special effects--he said he thinks it'll take another 40 or 50 years for technology to reach a point where the world will be ready for it. I think he's wrong. George Pal can do anything, and if George wants to make THE HOBBIT (which he certainly does) then Hollywood should let him do it. He's actually thinking of some comedians to star in it--for instance, he sees Danny Kaye as Gandalf the Wizard.

Well, that's not all the George Pal news. George invited me over to his house in Beverly Hills, and I got to see the special effects Oscar for THE WAR OF THE WORLDS, and meet his wonderful wife, Zsoka Pal. It's horrifying to think that his house once burned up in a big fire and many of his film treasures, going back to the days of George Pal's Puppets, were destroyed. But he rebuilt and began again, and the house is wonderful. George, who as you know began as an architect and designer, actually designed much of his own furniture. While I was there George gave me a copy of another screenplay he has been interested in turning into a movie since about 1965. It's called ODD JOHN, and I sure hope he gets to make it. He has so many projects in development or that he's thinking about. Once he's just

[illegible]

## READY FOR SHOWING

Volume 1, Number 1

Price: Fifty Cent



An 8 ft. giant named TAURUS (a cross between an ape and a bull dog) from "The Equinox".

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

thinking about right now include: PEER GYNT (he'll probably call in PETER GYNT so English-speaking people will get it), HIERONYMUS BOSCH (the artist who does dark fantasies), THE DISAPPEARANCE, THE MENEHUNES (he may want me to write that one too, about the Hawaiian Little People who are like Hawaii's Leprechauns), and something called VOYAGE OF THE BERG, about a giant iceberg that's turned into a ship and sails to a desert country to supply water. He's really anxious to get moving again on another picture, since THE POWER came out in 1968 a couple of years ago. Hard to believe that that was the year before I graduated from Princeton.

Speaking of Princeton, I located an article I wrote for one of the student magazines when I was in college, and I think you'll like it. It's called **MONSTERS, THINGS & YELLOW SUBMARINES: THE TRIALS OF A SPECIAL EFFECTS CINEMATOGRAPHER**. I wrote about the massive influence Ray Harryhausen films have had on me since I started reading in the pages of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** the secrets of how Ray Harryhausen's special effects are accomplished. And of course I loved the animated film from The Beatles: **YELLOW SUBMARINE**. It was the day after seeing the premiere of that movie in London (when I was in Europe for the summer of 1968 to work in Paris selling cameras in a department store) that I made up my mind I was going to set out for Hollywood to work in films. Did I ever tell you, Forry, that I had finished pre-med studies at Princeton and was all set to go to the University of Pennsylvania Medical School when I made an abrupt change of plans and decided to pursue the dreams I've had since childhood to work in films? I think being a winner in the **FAMOUS MONSTERS** amateur movie contest had a lasting influence on me! It definitely helped give me the courage to believe I could leave the east coast for California and find a way to make a career for myself in the motion picture business.

Forry, I also want you to know that I finally located the 1965 amateur magazine I told you about, called **READY FOR SHOWING**, and it has articles by a lot of young people my age who want to work professionally in films one day. FM may be interested in these guys. For instance, one of the articles is by a young man named Leonard Maltin. Have you heard of him? He actually doesn't consider his amateur films too terrific and he may want to go into film history or even being a critic, instead of making them. Don Glut wrote an article in **READY FOR SHOWING**--he's been mentioned a lot of times on the pages of FM, and he's quite an expert on dinosaurs. Don hopes to write a feature film about dinosaurs one day, and he's also interested in writing animated shows and maybe comic books. I also really liked the article by David Allen about his stop-motion dinosaur films. You've written about David Allen before--I first heard about him in FM. I was really interested in the article about the low budget feature film called **THE EQUINOX** by Mark McGee. There's a guy who does special effects for Mark McGee named Dennis Muren. I really think Dennis Muren is somebody to watch, Forry, and you should consider writing about him in FM. I know you've had his name in the **YOU AXED FOR IT** section of FM. I forgot what photo he asked for, maybe something



# *The* Nassau Review

VOL. 1 - NO. 4

APRIL 11, 1969

25¢



Monsters, Things and Yellow Submarines  
or  
The Trials of a Special Effects Cinematographer

by Paul M. Davids



# NEWS

SOCIETY OF PHOTOGRAPHIC SCIENTISTS AND ENGINEERS



Photo—NASA—Bobo—Earl Helts—library page 14



## NEWS

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**Paul forces his perspective on a neighborhood ne'er-do-well.**

from his favorite movie *THE 7<sup>TH</sup> VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, which is my favorite too. My opinion: maybe Dennis Muren could wind up with an Academy Award some day for special effects, but he has some really radical ideas: like maybe the best monsters won't always be done using stop-motion the way Ray Harryhausen does. Sounds like a crazy idea to me, but who knows?

Also, Forry, I found some memorabilia from way back when I made *SIEGFRIED SAVES METROPOLIS*--it's been more than 5 years now, hard to believe. I found your letter to me when I won Honorable Mention, and I also found my budget for the film. The budget was about \$56, including the cost of 8mm film and the \$4.00 I sent to FM for the script that you wrote. That \$56 investment really paid off, especially since you wrote about my amateur films twice in FM, in issues #27 and #35. I really appreciated that, especially the photos of my amateur films that you published!

Hard to believe that the student film I'm finishing up at the American Film Institute cost \$10,000. Lucky for me I have a scholarship and AFI is paying for it, because I could never afford to do it on my own. It's called *EXAMINATION* and is based on a short story I wrote at Princeton called *THE INTERRUPTED VACATION* that won the *Tiger Magazine* Humorous Writing Award. Paul Picerni agreed to play the leading role of Dr. Alexander Binkleman, a scientist who wins six Nobel Prizes in one year and walks away from the award ceremony because he has been invited to take "The Examination." But nobody except Dr. Binkleman knows what "The Examination" actually is! It has a twist ending.

That \$10,000 budget for my student film is a fortune compared to what I spent on *SIEGFRIED SAVES METROPOLIS*.



**From toys to terrors: Paul prepares to do his best Willis O'Brien impersonation**

Of course, it's still "small potatoes" compared to George Pal's budgets of almost a million dollars for films like *THE TIME MACHINE* (George spent \$850,000 to be exact), and I heard George Pal spent much more than that on *THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM*. Well, maybe someday I'll get to make feature films too. I am thinking of moving more in the direction of producing/writing/directing, as I told you, rather than working full-time in special effects. That's what I recently told Linnwood Dunn, President of Film Effects of Hollywood. He was considering offering me an internship there, at the very shop that did the special effects for *IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD* (I would have had a chance to learn how to do traveling matte shots on the very optical printer that the great Willis O'Brien used for *KING KONG*!), but it was a choice between that internship or directing a student film, and I decided to make *EXAMINATION* instead. I hope that decision doesn't come back to haunt me. Only time will tell.

Lastly, Forry, I want to thank you very much for my recent visit to The Ackermansion. Every time I go over to Sherbourne Drive, I am overwhelmed with your collection. You have created a great museum in your house which is a magnet for everyone in the world who loves science-fiction, fantasy and horror films. Thank you for your generosity in sharing your valuable time with me and other AFI students.

Paul Davids  
Fellow

American Film Institute Center for Advanced Film Studies

# Graveyard Examiner™

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE FAMOUS MONSTERS FANDOM

## Putting the 'Scar' in 'Scary'

As many of you are aware, this December, Hammer's SCARS OF DRACULA marks the return of Christopher Lee as the Count with that insatiable thirst for blood. Though thought dead, it appears the movie magicians have found a way to resurrect one of cinema's greatest monsters. We'll not spoil the surprise, but let's just say the plot is a bit betty, proving that Dracula—much like a certain coffee claims—is good to the last drop.

Fortunately for the Graveyard Examiner, one

of our gorcey-spondents was able to grab a few stills from the upcoming film for your perusal. We've also heard that The Count will nab himself more screen time than he has in the past, which had some fans a little disheartened (just as The Count!). Fear not, early word is that there's more Count than you (or he) can shake a sword at. We anxiously await his return. But for now we'll have to make do with these startling stills of the Count's countenance.



## FIND THE MISSING MONSTERS

Are you a gamesman? Do you find Mystery Photos to be getting easier? Do you search for puzzles that challenge your superior intellect? Well you've crawled to the rite place.

The word find in front of you contains 15 familiar

Famous Monsters and ghouls. They can be found forward, backward or diagonally. Once you identify a creature please circle the group of letters to keep track. If you get all 15 send us a copy and we will publish your name in upcoming issue.

N D N V D L E O K I R C A C T  
A W R E R J L Y N U I K Y A H  
M E G S A B J Y N U R G R P R  
P H L S C E T Y K O O A G R T  
L C P K V A K H Z E N A U H I  
O N K D L Z R R E T J T S H N  
W J B Q A Q D A U F A R A F G  
R S X G T E T L B E L X D P L  
A P P Y N J A U R U A Y T K E  
J M E V U Z W C E N S K N M R  
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Y H J G C H S C M E L O G Z M  
J Y N X T H E B L A C K C A T  
N D Z O Z U Y Q F B N D L R E  
X E S C B Y G T T H E B L O B



The great Bela Lugosi feels his way through the dark with his famous fingers. Turn the page for a closer look at the Count's loathsome Ghoulia hands!

TURN PAGE—BEGIN ARTICLE!

The gaze that hypnotizes.  
The hand, poised like a  
spider, pulling the victim  
into a web of bloodlust and  
immortality.



# THE GESTURES THAT COUNT

OR, OUR MAD LOVE FOR THE HANDS OF OR-DRAC!

Do you ever find yourself having to appear in public, and as you speak, wondering what to do with your hands?

BY MAX CHENEY

That problem never seems to have happened to Bela Lugosi, Hungary's gift to the horror star pantheon (that's a club for screen spookdom), judging from photos and from his performances. Bela Lugosi's hands, like his face and voice, are remembered by fans long after seeing him in an imagi-movie. His fingers—and his use of them—made his performances and publicity pix memorable in a way that other horror greats never achieved.



**Bela looking pithy in  
his helmet. Sinister  
claw at the ready.**



## fangs for the memories

Boris Karloff and Bela had very different acting styles. Yet when Lugosi's performances are seen on the big screen (or on one's Belavision set) people notice how Lugosi used his hands and arms. They seem to remember this physical part of the performance more than when watching Karloff (with the exception of Boris' unforgettable performance as The Monster in FRANKENSTEIN). Boris was "The King of Horror". Impressionists still love to mimic Karloff's voice. But Bela is the scream-star whose gesticulations (a twenty dollar word for "gestures") are widely imitated by fans.

## hand jive that jibes with Stoker's novel

Most actors' movements are no more eccentric or expressive than what you see in real life. But in REEL life, Bela made his mark (of the vampire) with his digits!

Recently, one young fan touring the Ackermansion did his best Bela-as-Dracula impersonation, recreating what he called "Bela's 'tarantula fingers' pose." He meant the eerie, enthralling move by the King of the Vampires seen in the photo below:



**Using his power to hypnotize, Dracula's dynamic digits frighten and fascinate his victims!**



**"His hand grasped mine with a strength which made me wince, an effect which was not lessened by the fact that it seemed cold as ice, more like the hand of a dead than a living man."**

"Tarantula fingers" is the perfect name! Bela's hand looks like a large, menacing spider about to strike. Like the loathsome spider, the vampire paralyzes its victim with its hypnotic influence, then drains the victim of the liquid of life—blood.

Lugosi's hands seemed to have a mind of their own. In THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, Lewis Carroll said to be wary of the Jabberwock's "claws that catch." He might have been talking about our favorite histrionic Hungarian! Lugosi's gestures frequently "caught" meaning not expressed in the die-a-log, and often Lugosi used his muscular hands to "clutch" at props and other actors, emphasizing the strength of his character's personality. When playing a vampire, Lugosi used a range of "whammies" while clouding the minds of his prey, as you can see from the photos accompanying this article. Sometimes he pointed, sometimes he splayed his large hands all the way open, sometimes he kept some fingers spread apart with others twisted or tucked together. He sometimes resembled a pianist playing with invisible keys. In lots of publicity stills, Bela makes sure his hands are getting as much attention as his face.

## it's a cinch in the clench

In WHITE ZOMBIE, Bela was a master of black magic, and exerted his will over his zombie slaves with a gripping motion, the fingers of his left hand grasping those of his right in a tight



**Dracula applies his supernatural powers to curing the manster's die-graine headache!**



**A bird in these hands? Paor raven. Soan Bela will have his capan!**



**"As the Count leaned aver me and his hands tauched me, I could nat repress a shudder."**



**"I had noticed the backs of his hands as they lay on his knees in the firelight, and they had seemed rather white and fine...The nails were long and fine, and cut to a sharp point."**

clench, showing the power of his mental grasp.

Bela made the best use of his hands in horror movie acting since Lon Chaney, Sr. in the heyday of silent film! Bela's long stage and film career before the days of "the talkies" ingrained in him the need to make his whole body convey meaning. The best film example is his portrayal of Ygor, where his use of posture and gesture, along with makeup and a change in his vocal mannerisms, transform him almost completely. If you had only seen DRACULA before SON OF FRANKENSTEIN, you might find him nearly unrecognizable.

Ygor was the role that proved Bela could act, earning him the admiration of SOF director Rowland V. Lee and the cast, and is continually the part fans cite as one that deserved an Oscar nomination. Although his accented voice and his appearance condemned him to playing baddies, his performances weren't all variations of his eccentric and deliciously theatrical Dracula. After a long career on the Hungarian stage, Bela was aware of his need to scale down his acting for the motion picture camera. He praised DRACULA director Tod Browning, the man who had directed Lon Chaney, Sr. in several classic films, with these words:

"On the stage the actor's success depends wholly on himself. He goes onto the stage and gives his performance in what seems to him the most effective manner. But in the studio the responsibility is shifted to the director, who controls the actor's every move, every inflection, every expression... In the theater I was playing not only to the spectators in the front rows, but also to the those in the last rows of the gallery, and there was some exaggeration in everything I did, not only in the tonal pitch of my voice but in the changes of facial expression which accompanied various lines or situations, which was necessary...[for the screen] I have found that a great deal of the repression was an absolute necessity. Tod Browning has continually had to 'hold me down.' In my other screen roles I did not seem to have this difficulty, but I have played Dracula a thousand times on the stage and in this one role I find I have become thoroughly settled in the technique of the stage and not the screen. But thanks to director Browning I am unlearning fast."

Bela did tend to "take it big." But he was always dedicated in his performances and was always entertaining, even in his most unrestrained, "camp" performances.



**Y-gods, Y-gor! That's what you get for necking with a noose!**

## **dracula the detective?**

A letter regarding Lugosi came to our Fang Mail office not long ago from a fan with sharp eyes. (He continually cuts his glasses on them!) Reader Robert Taylor of Harrison, OH writes FM to say, "I'm a college student who only recently discovered Famous Monsters of Filmland. But I love your coverage of the great horror stars like Vincent Price, Boris Karloff, and Bela Lugosi. Lugosi surprises me when I watch his movies—his hand movements were so graceful and expressive! More pictures of Bela, please!"

Happy to share more shots of Lugosi! We agree, Robert, with your description of Lugosi's hands. It was also the opinion of Walt Disney, who put Bela in *FANTASIA*! You never see him or hear his voice, but you see his actions. Bela was the acting model for the demon's movements in the "Night on Bald Mountain" segment, pantomiming dramatically for the animated sequence. *FANTASIA* was made to stir the emotions and make meaning through music and imagery. Bela's gestures helped to create that.

Robert, as a college student, no doubt you are reading the

words of the world's smartest men. The famous psychiatrist (think shrink) Carl Jung once said, "Often the hands will solve a mystery that the intellect has struggled with in vain." That describes the Lugosi limbs. Call Bela Sherlock Holmes!

A man who was a teenage friend to Lugosi in Bela's final years is regular FM reader Dick Sheffield. I wrote to Dick to see what he could tell me about his memories of the way Bela expressed himself with his hands. He sent a note that read, "In 1948 I went off on a Saturday afternoon to the Ritz Theater to see my favorite funny guys in Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein. This film introduced me to Lugosi's unique characteristics and his arachnid-like fingers that not only hypnotized Lou, but also this 10 year old kid. This was the beginning of my adventure with Hollywood's Dracula....and it all started with Bela's hands."

So readers, next time you're watching the late night creature feature, be careful when you see Dracula claw the air. If you weren't a long-time fan of Bela Lugosi before, your fate, like Renfield's, will be sealed, and you will forever admire the man who was King of the Vampires!

**Hiding behind a strong and lovely lady won't protect you from what Chandu can do!**



# GIRLS AND GHOULS GALLERY™



Lugosi is out for the Count! Long gone from screen before Anne Nagel has time to say, "a little lower and to the right, please!"



Shadow puppets, anyone? Two *Tarantula* silhouettes are all it takes to get this bleak widow to shriek! Venom, Miss?

The twisted mind of Curt Siodmak gives us this tale of a man "switched at birth", sorry, that should read "switched for mirth." The man doing the switching is none other than the great Boris Karloff, this time playing the role of mad scientist tinkering with the nature of life and death as opposed to playing the "inkered with". Karloff, in order to save a friend, puts part of the brain of a known gangster in his friend's head, causing the man to get a bit of a splitting headache (in the most Jekyll & Hyde sense).

"But wait!" you shout. "The man in the picture isn't Boris Karloff, but Count Bela Lugosi." You are correct. Now do me a favor and stare long and hard at the pictures. Keep staring. Now a little longer. If you've followed my instructions you've now seen Bela longer than you will in this movie. Sadly, although taking second billing, our dear Mr. Lugosi makes little more than a cameo in this blink-and-you-missed-it performance. Although, as usual, despite only a short appearance, every second on screen is captivating and brilliant. Now look on as the man with the hands menaces our poor Ms. Nagel, whose elegance makes *BLACK FRIDAY* a good bit of weekend fun.

**While Wollie and Frankie do  
the Arrgh-gentine Tangle,  
Boreness Fronkenstein enjoys  
the floorshow - on the floor!**



# FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN

*Based on the Original Screenplay by Curt Siodmak*

*adapted by Martin Powell*

## chapter 1

The night wind howled its death rattle through the ancient trees of Llanwelly Cemetery. Ravens screamed from tilting, time-tainted tombstones. A low growl of thunder rumbled from the distant horizon.

It was nearly moonrise.

Two ragged men scuttled within the crypt, their lantern casting a ghostly light among the silent vaults.

"Lawrence Stewart Talbot, who died at the youthful age of thirty-one," the grave-robber narrated from the top of the sarcophagus. "That's him. Give me the chisel."

His partner nervously dropped the tools on the stone lid with a resounding clang.

"Suppose they didn't bury him with the money on him?"

"Everybody in the village knows about it," the older thief

shrugged. "There's a watch, a ring, and money in his pockets."

A few blows of the hammer broke the seal. Together, the men strained against the heavy lid and shoved it to the floor.

"This place gives me the creeps," the younger robber stammered. "What do you think he'll look like, after so many years?"

"Just bones," his experienced companion replied. "And an empty skull."

Malevolent light from the rising moon bathed the wood-shrouded corpse in the casket. Reaching inside, the older man examined a crumbling handful of the dead vegetation.

"Wolf-hane," he murmured. "'Even a man who's pure in heart, and says his prayers by night, may become a wolf when the wolf-hane blooms—and the moon is full and bright.'"

He shook off his anxiety as his partner trembled.

"He looks like he's asleep. First, the ring."





**Grimy grave robbers prepare to desecrate a creepy crypt.**

Prying the ring off the cold finger, the grave-robber grinned as the gold glinted in the moon-glow.

Impossibly, the dead hand suddenly gripped the thief's wrist, holding him fast. The fingernails elongated into claws. Coarse fur crawled to life from under the shirt cuffs, and corded tendons bunched like wire.

"Help me..." the thief pleaded to his partner.

The younger man ran for his life, as the creature in the coffin began to slowly rise toward its snared prey. Ravenous red eyes and sharp teeth gleamed in the hackles of its face.

The grave-robber screamed...but only once.

## chapter 2

Inspector Owen of Scotland Yard had been a pest all morning, and Dr. Frank Mannering was losing patience.

Yes, a policeman had found a man collapsed in an alley, more dead than alive from a skull fracture. Indeed, the patient had miraculously survived the emergency surgery. And, no, for the tenth time, Dr. Mannering wasn't aware of the stranger's identity or where he had come from.

Spotting the nurse, Dr. Mannering sought a reprieve to ask about his patient.

"He's conscious, Dr. Mannering," she whispered. "And talked. He insisted on sitting up."

"But that's impossible so soon after such a critical operation!" he exclaimed.

Amazingly, they found the patient resting quietly in his bed,

gazing out the window. He was a young man with tragic eyes. Immediately, he gained Dr. Mannering's sympathy.

"The nurse tells me you're well enough to talk."

"Why, yes..." the patient nodded.

The doctor checked his pulse, surprised to find it normal.

"There's no pain?"

"No..." he shook his head. "Where am I?"

"Queen's Hospital at Cardiff," Dr. Mannering explained.

Inspector Owen shoved the nurse aside.

"How did you get that skull fracture?"

The patient stared off into space, bewildered.

"I don't remember."

Dr. Mannering shot a rueful glance at Owen.

"This is Inspector Owen and I'm Dr. Mannering," he explained. "What's your name? Where are you from?"

"Lawrence Talbot...from Llanwelly Village," he answered, with growing alarm. "But—how did I get to Cardiff?"

Dr. Mannering eased Talbot back on the pillow.



**Two goons make a grave discovery as a coffin's contents beckon.**



**Looks like we're about to see them two - entombed! What? One got away!**



**Inspector and nurse observe good bedside Manning (Dr. Manning, that is) as Doc examines a concussed Talbot.**

"That's enough for now. You'll be fit again very soon."

Once in Dr. Manning's office, Owen snatched up the telephone.

"Put me through to the police station in Llanwelly Village," he told the operator, and turned to the doctor. "The usual routine check-up—then we can close the case."

Owen quickly concluded his call, narrowing his eyes.

"Lawrence Talbot died four years ago. Your man is an imposter," he snapped.

Dr. Manning frowned.

"That's a harsh word, for a poor devil of unsound mind."

"I'll wager he's sound enough to remember his own name! Just let me have another talk with him—" Owen stamped toward the door.

"That man is my patient, not your prisoner," Dr. Manning said firmly. "I'll decide when he can be questioned again."

"Very well," Owen shrugged. "It's in your hands..."

### chapter 3

Lawrence Talbot tossed and turned, plagued by nightmares. He saw his father's disbelieving face. The terrified eyes of a beautiful girl. Felt the stab of animal teeth on his chest, and the panic of being hunted by swarms of torches and guns. The sad, kindly face of an old gypsy woman peered down at him. Lastly, the sting of cold silver against his skull...

He awoke in the moonlight.





**Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a hubbub. But it only takes one woman to give them the boot!**

The glow blazed against the bed sheets, setting Talbot's heart to racing. A writhing sensation crawled beneath his skin. The bones in his face altered, transforming. Ferocious fangs jutted from dark, foaming lips.

The Wolf Man arose, uttering a low savage growl. Many blocks away, a lone constable maintained his tedious patrol. Rescuing that stranger with the head injury had been the most excitement in a month. He kept moving, with only his echoing footsteps to break the monotony.

Then, the constable saw it. Something low and large, prowling through alley.

"Who's there?" he called out, shining his light into the darkness.

There was a glimpse of a shape, hiding behind the barrels, and the red eyes of an animal stared back at him.

Suddenly, the policeman was struck to the pavement by a snarling horror. Ferocious jaws clamped down, drinking deep of his blood.

And the Wolf Man howled.

#### **Chapter 4**

Abruptly, Talbot jolted awake.

"You're all right," Dr. Mannering said soothingly. "Nothing has happened."

Larry darted frightened glances about the room, and then buried his face in his hands.

"Doctor...something terrible happened last night..." he began.

"A nightmare most likely," Mannering nodded. "It's evident you were walking in your sleep."

Talbot's eyes filled with terror.

"You'd better call the police," he pleaded. "I...I'm a murderer."

"Of course..." the physician warily humored him. "Anything you say."

"Well, Mr. Talbot," Inspector Owen scoffed, under the protective watch of Dr. Mannering. "Did you decide to remember who you are?"

Dr. Mannering came to his patient's defense.

"Mr. Talbot seems to have heard about the unfortunate



**As Constable, Inspector and groundskeeper look on, only one man thought to wake up our victim by slopping some brocing Mold Spice after-grove lotion on his face.**

constable last night."

"You don't understand!" Talbot cried out. "I killed him! There's a curse on me! I change into a wolf!"

The inspector and physician exchanged glances. Even Owen was starting to pity the troubled stranger.

"That's a bit difficult to believe, my good man," Owen admitted.

Talbot's agitation increased. With a sudden effort he tore open his shirt.

"See this scar? A wolf bit me...only it wasn't a real wolf... it was a man. A werewolf! Now I turn into a wolf with the moon is full!"

Owen sadly shook his head.

"Ask Maleva, the old gypsy woman!" Talbot cried. "She knows about the curse!"

"Just tell us your real name," the policeman said. "Let us do the worrying."

Talbot was on his feet, frantic and wild.

"I told you! Talbot..." he pleaded, "Lawrence Talbot! Why can't you understand?"

"Lawrence Talbot died four years ago," Owen said sternly.

Talbot was stunned.

"Died...? Four years? I didn't..."

An eerie light shone in his eyes. The expression was so terrible Dr. Mannering secretly pressed the signal-button for help.

"I can't die!" Talbot ranted, treading toward the open window. "Try looking into that grave where Lawrence Talbot is supposed to be buried—and see if you find a body in it!"

Immediately, three sturdy orderlies rushed Talbot. He fought them off for a few seconds, hurling one man like a ragdoll. Finally, they wrestled him to the floor.

Dr. Mannering guided Inspector Owen away.

"Poor devil," Owen sighed. "Wish I could do something to help him. I think I'll run up to Llanvelly and—"

"I had the very same idea," Mannering said briskly. "To be able to cure this man, I have to know who he is."

"Right," the inspector nodded. "We'll go together."

## chapter 5

"Somebody's broken into this vault," Inspector Owen announced. "How long is it since you've last been here, Sergeant?"

"Not in months," the younger policeman replied. "Nobody's died in Llanwelly lately—and no one comes here if they don't have to."

Owen and Dr. Mannering nodded, turning up their collars against the cemetery's grim atmosphere.

Stepping inside, Owen's lantern light spilled across a dead man.

"Somebody must have taken the body out of the tomb," he mumbled, puzzled.

"That's not Lawrence Talbot," the Sergeant replied. "It's Freddy Jolly—been up for vagrancy and petty larceny."

Inspector Owen knelt beside the corpse, joined by Dr. Mannering.

"What would you say this man died of, Doctor?"

"Severed jugular—this man bled to death," Dr. Mannering said incisively. "Seems to be the bite of an animal."

"The same as the constable back in Cardiff," Owen added, with unease.

"Aye, that animal..." the Sergeant shuddered. "We remember it well. It must have carried away the body of poor Sir Lawrence."

"What animal?" Owen demanded.

"Didn't you know, sir? There was a wild animal around here,

a few years ago. It killed people. Bit through their throats and drained their blood."

"Did they kill it?"

"Sir John Talbot thought he did," the Sergeant recalled. "He attacked it in the dark—or so he thought—but it was his son he killed. Poor Mr. Larry..."

Inspector Owen was growing more agitated.

"Where is John Talbot now?"

"Over there," the Sergeant pointed. "Died of grief shortly after."

Dr. Mannering had his own suspicions.

"If it's convenient, Sergeant, I'd like to see a photograph of Lawrence Talbot."

Back at the Llanwelly Police Station Inspector Owen and Dr. Mannering studied the picture from the Sergeant's files.

"Look at that face, Doctor! Isn't that our man in Cardiff?" Owen couldn't believe his eyes.

The physician nodded, cautiously.

"There's a similarity, but I wouldn't swear it's the same man."

"Of course, it's not the same man," Owen exclaimed. "If it were, I'd be off my top!"

"I think the Sergeant had better go back with us," Mannering suggested, "and see if he can positively identify this man."

"That's the thing to do," Inspector Owen agreed.

A dozen disturbing questions plagued Dr. Mannering while he placed a telephone call to Queen's Hospital. He spoke quietly for a moment, hung up the receiver, and turned very

**Looks like someone needs a little gypsy. Maleva may be diminutive in size, but when it comes to curses, the Ouspenskaya's the limit!**





**"Out of hot cocoa? Then I'll take a bloody Lorry and the lady'll have a red hot Frank & Stein of loger!" Meanwhile, a pretty bormoid does her best impression of a softshoker.**

pale.

"What happened to Talbot?" Owen asked. "Did he die?"

"No..." Mannerling replied in shock. "He tore off his strait-jacket and escaped. Bit right through it...tore it to shreds with his teeth..."

Owen was stunned.

"With his teeth...?"

## chapter 6

Lawrence Talbot had wandered for months, keeping to the back roads, plagued by horrific memories of the full moon. At last, the luridly painted wagons gave him a glimmer of hope.

"Bruno! Stop it!" the gypsy quieted his barking German Shepherd, as Talbot shyly approached. "What do you want here?"

"I'm...looking for an old woman—Maleva is her name. Is she here with you?" Talbot asked.

"Maleva? Yes, she is with us," the gypsy admitted. "You'll find her over there."

Talbot saw a familiar face standing by a tent. She looked as if she had seen a ghost.

"Maleva..." Larry softly smiled, "I've looked all over Europe for you. You must help me..."

They entered her tent.

"What do you want from me?" Maleva stared at him in wonder.

"I still carry the mark of the pentagram—the sign of the werewolf," he choked with emotion. "I...kill people."

Maleva tenderly clasped his arm.

"It is not in my power to help you," she sobbed.

"But you're the only one who understands," Talbot turned in defeat. "No one else in the world would ever believe me..."

He paced the tent restlessly.

"But you...you *know*. Your own son, Bela, was a werewolf. He's the one who put this curse on me. You watched over him until he was permitted to die...now I want to die, too. Won't you show me the way...?"

Maleva embraced him.

"I can't!" she cried. "But I will guard you and take care of you, as I took care of my own son."

A group of gypsies watched from outside.

"You're not going with him!" their leader commanded. "He has the mark of the beast on him."

Maleva arose, approaching him boldly.

"He is dangerous only when the moon is full. I will take him to a place I know."

There was something in her tone which hinted of hope. Larry's face calmed for a moment.

"Where..." he wondered.

Maleva smiled, grasping his hand.

"I know a man who has the power to help you."

## chapter 7

Their long journey was nearly over, as Talbot and Maleva rolled along in their horse-drawn cart. Larry pondered the secrets the gypsy had shared, of an extraordinary genius who had worked medical miracles. It seemed to good to be true.

A gothic village appeared between the mountains, over-

shadowed by the ruins of a medieval castle near a very modern dam.

"Is that the town?" Larry's heart leapt.

"Yes," Maleva smiled. "That is Vasaria."

Inside the inn, the sunny countryside faded into suspicion.

"No beggars are allowed here," barked Vazec, the barrel-chested landlord.

Margareta, Vazec's pretty daughter, paused from lighting the tavern's candles. Her eyes met those of Talbot, lingering for a moment.

"We just want to ask you, sir, about a Dr. Frankenstein..." Maleva bowed.

Vazec's neck purpled.

"Frankenstein!" he snarled. "Don't mention that name around this town!"

Larry stepped forward.

"Please...won't you tell us where he lives?"

The red-faced landlord pointed a finger viciously at castle ruins in the distance.

"There!" he snapped. "That's his burial place! The fire destroyed him and all his misdeeds!"

"He's dead...?" Maleva was shocked.

"He didn't die any too soon for us," Vazec growled. "What did you want from him?"

"I heard he was a great doctor who could help people that other doctors couldn't cure," she murmured.

The landlord laughed cruelly.

"Him? Murder is all he ever brought us! He harbored a monster in his house—a thing created by black magic!"

Larry was devastated. All his hopes were lost.

"Now get out—and stay out!" Vazec shouted. "We don't want your kind around here!"

Dusk crept up upon Talbot and the gypsy, once again on the move in their rattling cart. The pain in his eyes was dark with despair.

"Now I must...go on living," he sobbed softly. "There's no hope for me to die..."

Talbot instinctively turned his eyes to the glow above the mountains. He had been so lost within his own anguish, he'd forgotten about the night—the night of the full moon.

Larry leapt from the cart, racing fearfully toward the woods.

"Wait!" Maleva called out. "Come back!"

Already the change was upon Talbot. As he crept behind a sheltering oak, his hands began to swell, contorting into sharpened claws. Pointed teeth extended over his lips. The man was lost, swallowed up by bristling fur and the shadows of the raging moon.

Now only the ravaging beast remained.

**All too often, the innocents fall victim to fits and follies of men and monsters.**





**A glorious publicity still of Lon Chaney Jr. in iconic Jack Pierce Wolfman makeup. A great character study from head to paw.**





**Talbot discovers the new kid IN the block (of ice)!**



**Lugosi and Choney. Heard of em'? If you don't know these horror heavyweights, you must be living in a glacial cove!**



**The monster doesn't know how lucky he is. He's just inherited a friend AND a pet all in one!**

Maleva spied the fearsome creature lurking among the branches and vines. Helplessly, the gypsy could only watch as the glowing, hungry eyes of the werewolf vanished into the mist-veiled forest.

## chapter 8

The moon seared through the racing clouds. Throughout Vasara, windows flickered with freshly lit lamps. Frightened faces peered out behind curtains, as holder villagers gathered in the street.

Vazec carried the limp body of his daughter. Her arms and feet swayed lifelessly. The crowd followed the landlord solemnly to the inn.

"Who do you suppose did this terrible thing?" asked Franzec, the blacksmith.

"Could it be the Monster again...Frankenstein's Monster?" mused Rudi, the village tailor.

Police Officer Cuno spoke up.

"She wasn't killed by the Monster," he exclaimed. "An animal bit her to death. I saw the wound on her throat."

"What animals are around here that can kill people?" Rudi scoffed.

A howl suddenly droned through the forest hills.

"A wolf! Come on!" Cuno motioned to the mob. "Let's get him!"

The Wolf Man raced through the woods as the barking dogs and shouts of the torch-bearing mob grew nearer. The broken battlements of the Frankenstein ruins were his last refuge.

"There he is!" Rudi's shouted.

Bullets and buckshot struck the werewolf, plainly visible to the mob under the glow of the moon. To their awe, their quarry did not go down. The thing refused to die.

The beast backed away and the crumbling ruins collapsed, swallowing him from sight.

The mob proceeded fearfully, discovering a lone figure hiding among the broken turrets.

"What are you doing here?" Cuno demanded.

Maleva stepped from the shadows.

"Come on, speak up old witch!" Rudi threatened. "Where's that strange man who was with you?"

The gypsy kept silent, showing no fear.

"Let's take her back to town," Cuno gripped Maleva by the arm. "We'll make her talk!"

## chapter 9

Talbot awakened at dawn, cold and confused, finding himself in an underground cavern of ice. Warily, he began to explore. It was a terrible place, shrouded in frost and shadows.

Larry wasn't alone. There was something ominous, trapped behind the wall of ice. Its grotesque silhouette was somewhat human, but much larger.

Grasping a heavy stone, Talbot struck at the glacier. As each frozen layer fell, more of the entombed creature became horribly visible. Finally, he halted at the sound of its ragged gasp of breath.

The misshapen head lifted slowly. Its muscular throat strained, while straight black lips quivered listlessly. A



**Up from the ice cave and into the dilapidated Frankenstein laboratory.**

convulsive motion agitated its limbs, and the dull yellow eyes opened.

The Frankenstein Monster lived again!

## chapter 10

Talbot followed the Monster up from the icy dungeon, into the devastated Frankenstein laboratory.



**The mayor's found a buyer for Frankenstein's fixer-upper!**

"Dr. Frankenstein must have left records of his experiments," Talbot reasoned. "You know where they are. Show me!"

Freeing the fearsome creature had gained its blind, undying loyalty. The Monster obeyed, lurching with a mechanical motion as if its brain was too burdened to completely control the massive body. Its sutured hands groped, angrily casting aside heavy beams of timber obstructing its path. Even in its weakened state, the thing's unearthly power was terrifying.

**Larry is smitten! Will Elsa be bitten?**





**Gropes, wine and a furtive glance. The table is set for a doomed romance.**

The giant wrenched open a hidden door behind the colossal bookcase, revealing the secret compartment and the strongbox inside.

Larry broke open the lock and rummaged frantically through the musty contents, a fortune in banknotes and bonds poured out upon the moldy floor.

"It's not here..." Talbot said, hopelessly.

Then, Larry saw the photograph. It was of a young woman, blonde and beautiful. Picking it up, he read the inscription.

"To my dear father," Talbot read aloud, elated. "Frankenstein's daughter. She's the one who can help me."

## **chapter 11**

**With a lycanthropic leer, Larry latches onto this villager's lopsel**



Elsa Frankenstein frowned prettily in the Mayor's Office of Vasaria.

"This man, Taylor, wants to buy the ruins of my father's estate?" she asked.

"Yes, Baroness, and that's all I know about him," the Mayor admitted. "Since I knew you were anxious to get rid of the property, and all the memories connected with it, I thought I should send for you."

Abruptly, Lawrence Talbot stood in the doorway. Dressed in a new suit, he was a rather dashing figure. Elsa smiled immediately.

The Mayor introduced them, then respectfully left the room.

"I understand you want to buy our land..." Elsa motioned

**A closer look at a ticked-off Talbot ready to propel a man by his lopsel.**





Lawrence leads the manmade monster from the village square. The great Bela Lugosi (his first time in Frankenstein's monster makeup) and Lon Chaney Jr. Arm in arm in magnificent monsterdam!



**Two's company, three's a crowd! What do these three see from behind that tree?**

Talbot to a chair.

"No..." Larry grinned shyly. "I wanted to meet you."

Elsa was perplexed, but also flattered.

"It's certainly a most unusual way to make an acquaintance," her smile brightened. "But now that you've gone through so much trouble to meet me—what can I really do for you?"

Talbot grew somber.

"I want your father's records..." he spoke quietly. "...his experiments with life and death...of the creation of the Monster."

Elsa Frankenstein sprang up from her chair, her eyes tinged with sudden dread.

"I don't have any records," she shuddered. "If I had—I'd have destroyed them long ago. My father was a great scientist...but all he created was unhappiness...and terror."

Larry lightly touched the sleeve of her coat and Elsa faced him, brimming with tears.

"You don't understand. I must have them. Please help me..." he pleaded.

Elsa had never seen such anguish in a man's eyes.

"I'm sorry," Elsa refused. "There's nothing I can do. The house burned down and I have never set foot on that ground again, and never shall."

"Well, is everything settled, Baroness?" the Mayor asked from the doorway.

"We decided not to go through with the sale, after all," she explained, forcing cheerfulness.

Elsa became suddenly aware of the festive music playing in the streets below. A warmth shone in her eyes.

"Yes, Baroness," the Mayor nodded. "The Festival of the New Wine begins tonight. Why don't you join us, as our guest of honor?"

"Takes me back to my childhood," she said dreamily. "Thank you. Of course, I'll stay."

Gravely disappointed, Talbot made his way for the door.

"Mr. Taylor, I hope you, too, will accept the invitation ..." the Mayor suggested.

Larry paused for a moment, entranced by Elsa's lovely smile.

"Thank you," he replied. "I'll be there."

## chapter 12

All of Vasaria was filled with music. The ancient cobblestone streets were alive with wine and laughter. A particularly enthusiastic baritone swept through the crowd, belting out a rambunctious tune.

*"Come one and all and sing a song—Faro-la-faro-li! For life is short, but death is long—Faro-la-faro-li!"*

Talbot studied Elsa, seated across from her. She was so lovely, reminding him of Gwen, from so long ago. If only he could find a way to make her understand.

The baritone eagerly invaded their table with his ongoing song.

*"The wine tonight is nobly blest—Faro-la-faro-li! For such a lady and her guest—Faro-la-faro-li!"*

Talbot glared at the singer's insolence, as the song continued. *"To them a toast! Come drink with me—that they may ever happy be—and may they live eternally! Faro-la—"*

Larry lunged, gripping him by the collar.

"Eternally!" Talbot growled. "I don't want to live eternally! Why did you say that? Why?"

The singer fearfully retreated. Then the celebration

continued. Elsa peered with pity at Larry, who was mortified with himself.

Suddenly, Talbot saw Dr. Mannering standing among the multitude.

## chapter 13

Dr. Frank Mannering pensively approached.

"Good evening, Mr. Talbot," the physician nodded.

"You must be mistaken," he tried to grin. "My name is Taylor."

"I know you as Lawrence Talbot...you wear your identification on your forehead," Mannering stated, indicating the surgical scar.

Larry couldn't deny him. Reluctantly, he sat down and nodded toward Elsa.

"This is Dr. Mannering from Cardiff—Baroness Frankenstein," he introduced them.

"How do you do, Dr. Mannering," she smiled. "Won't you sit down?"

Mannering politely thanked her, joining them.

"I've been searching for you, Mr. Talbot," he said, quietly.

**Stand back! The inhuman strength of this monster is nothing to shake a stick at. You don't want to be admitted to this creature's club!**





**Villagers up in arms on a spectacular Universal Studios set.**

"The newspapers told me where to look. I simply followed that trail."

Larry glared at him.

"Mr. Talbot is returning to England with me," Dr. Mannering explained.

"No, I don't think I care to do that, Doctor," Larry's temper grew.

The Mayor abruptly broke the tension.

"Will you give me the honor of the next dance, Baroness?" he bowed courteously.

"Of course," Elsa arose, gracious and lovely, grateful for the interruption.

Finally alone, Dr. Mannering didn't mince words.

"Talbot, you're insane at times—but you're sane enough now to know what you're doing. Let me take care of you."

Larry slumped, covering his face with his hands.

"To put me in a lunatic asylum?"

Mannering softened his voice.

"You know that's where you belong."

"That wouldn't do any good... I'd only escape again, sooner or later," Talbot cried. "I only want to die. If I can learn Dr. Frankenstein's secret, I can break this curse and find peace."

Dr. Mannering shook his head.

"Frankenstein's experiments were rather bizarre. Medical science never acknowledged them."

Talbot flashed a bitter grin.

"Why don't you talk to his daughter? She could tell you about things her father did—things your medical science hasn't even heard of!"

"The moon will be full again soon," Mannering clasped Larry's arm. "I'm appealing to your better nature, while you can still think normally. Come back with me."

Desperately, Talbot struck the table top.

"Isn't there anyone in the world," he begged, "who can understand?"

A shrill scream of terror suddenly silenced the festival.

"The Monster!" someone cried out. "The Frankenstein Monster!"

## chapter 14

The crowds were in total hysteria, trampling over each other. Massive footsteps echoed above the shrieking mob, as the towering shadow lurched ever closer.

The Frankenstein Monster again stalked the screaming streets of Vasarna.

Elsa stood frozen as the giant shambled toward her, a living nightmare. Dr. Mannering raced to her rescue, sweeping her away from the perilous path.

Lawrence Talbot approached the creature in an attempt to avoid more mayhem. The Monster roared, raising its powerful trancheon-like arm to strike.

"No!" Larry shouted. "It's me! Come with me—quick!"

Talbot guided the brute to a horse and wagon, half-filled with wine barrels. Before the fearful, hate-filled eyes of the villagers, the wagon sped away toward the refuge of the Frankenstein ruins.

## chapter 15

The argument in the Inn was near its boiling point as the men grumbled, swearing violence, with Vazec the landlord worst of all. A sudden hush fell as the Mayor entered with Elsa and Dr. Mannering.

"There's the daughter of the accursed Franksteins!" Vazec snarled, red-faced and drunk. "That name has brought us nothing but misery to our village!"

"Don't get excited, my good man. You won't get anywhere

**That's right, Bela. You've gone from hot to worse. Here our favorite Count Dracula faces his frank new feelings by feeling his new Frank face.**





**The doctor tightens up a sparkplug on the Frankenstein monster's ghastly chassis.**

by raving," Dr. Mannering stated firmly. "The Baroness and I want nothing but to help you."

"Dr. Mannering is right," the Mayor added. "To destroy the Monster, we must have a plan."

Vazec's temper smoldered.

"But we know it's hiding in the Frankenstein ruins!"

"I can lead you down there, if you want me to," Elsa offered solemnly. "I know those cellars well."

Officer Cuno had returned, shoving Maleva roughly toward the Baroness.

"Do you know these people? Speak up, old witch!" he ordered.

"I never saw them before," Maleva replied quietly.

Dr. Mannering suspected a connection.

"What is your name?"

"Maleva," she said simply.

"Maleva...?" Mannering repeated, astonished to discover Talbot's gypsy to be real.

"See?" Vazec slurred. "He knows her! Why don't you arrest them? Lock up these murderers!"

The Mayor boldly faced Vazec.

"As long as I am Mayor, justice will be preserved. Haven't we tried before to destroy the Monster by force? There's no use in storming the ruins. We must pretend to make friends with the Monster—"

"Hah!" Vazec retorted. "Why not elect it Mayor of Vasaria?"

Dr. Mannering had heard enough. It was time to act.

"This Monster was created artificially," he stated with authority. "It must be destroyed by the same means."

All but Vazec murmured in agreement.

"I'll take you to the ruins now," Elsa avowed, winning over most of the mob.

Mannering nodded in admiration, warmly clasping her hand.

"I promise all of you," he declared, "if you'll only help me, I'll rid Vasaria of this curse once and for all."

## **chapter 16**

Outside the castle, Lawrence Talbot paced like a caged animal.

"Talbot! 'Come out! We're here to help you!'"

Dr. Mannering's voice startled him, and was getting closer. Larry met them among the broken battlements.

"What do you want?" he glared.

"You wanted my father's diary," Elsa said softly. "I'll show you where it is hidden."

Talbot's eyes narrowed. Maleva moved to his side.

"She speaks the truth, my son," the gypsy affirmed.

"I suppose...I'll have to trust you," Larry admitted.

The others followed Talbot through the maze of collapsed turrets, halting in horror as the Frankenstein Monster





**Mannering reassures a nervous Talbot that all will be right, before the night's full moon.**



**Double bed for the cursed and undead. Will this experiment end immortality?**



**The Baroness catches Mannering in a lie. Today the monster will not die!**

malevolently blocked their path.

"Take it easy..." Talbot warned. "It's me, with friends. This is Dr. Mannering. He's come to help you."

The snarl left the giant's face, as the physician cautiously approached. Frankenstein's creation was, indeed, an awesome entity. Its sutured hands, cranial clamps, and advanced bio-electrodes were all elements of vast genius. Dr. Mannering was instantly enthralled.

"Yes," Mannering replied, his apprehension gone. "That's why I'm here."

And Elsa Frankenstein trembled.

## chapter 17

Elsa Frankenstein guided them, returning to the place of her father's death and in the company of his monstrous murderer. Each step was like an unending nightmare.

She paused before the shattered bookshelves.

"It's not there, I know," Talbot protested.

"Please..." Elsa said patiently, releasing a hidden spring.

A panel slid open, revealing a thick leather-bound tome.

"The Secrets of Life and Death..." Larry breathlessly whispered. "At last..."

Late into the night Dr. Mannering studied the diary. Elsa remained at his side. Mesmerized, he read aloud from the musty pages.

*"Matter ages because it loses energy. This artificial body I have created has been charged with super-human power; so its span of life will be extended...equal to more than a hundred human beings. My creation can never perish unless—"*

Larry Talbot joined them, accompanied by Maleva.

*"...unless its energies are drained off artificially, by changing the poles from plus to minus..."*

"Then..." Talbot reasoned, "the energies from my body can be drained off, too..."

The others watched as Larry surveyed the laboratory, his enthusiasm escalating.

"Dr. Frankenstein must have performed his experiments right here, with these machines," he examined the cobwebbed apparatus. "They don't seem to have been damaged by the fire!"

It was the first time Talbot seemed happy, and believing him mad, it was a heartbreaking sight for Elsa. She turned to Mannering, still poring over the Frankenstein secrets.

"When we were with the Monster, I was afraid you might have meant what you said..." she whispered.

"What did I say?" Mannering murmured.

"You said you'd help him."

"Of course, I can't," the physician said, suddenly troubled. "I mustn't..."

Decisively, Elsa closed the book.

## chapter 18

Vazec peered from the window of the inn.

"I tell you, this English doctor is no better than Frankenstein himself!"

"Always grumbling, Vazec," the Mayor shook his head. "We must trust this doctor. What else can we do?"



**Baroness and doctor. Unsure of the prognosis.**

Vazec drained his stein, and reached for his third bottle. "Are you going to wait until disaster strikes us again?" he blurted. "I'll tell you what we ought to do..."

Dipping his finger in the wine, Vazec traced a picture of his plan on the tabletop.

"Here are the ruins," he slurred. "Down in there are all of them. Blow up the dam—and they'll all drown like rats!"

The Mayor stood up from the table, disgusted.

"You're drunk, Vazec. That's why I don't take you seriously. Otherwise, I'd arrest you for conspiring to endanger the lives of this community."

Left alone, Vazec stared into the deep red wine, smirking wickedly.

## **chapter 19**

The Frankenstein Monster lay sedated, stoutly strapped to the operating table. As Dr. Mannering manipulated a control, the roar of the mountain river rushed from deep below, bringing the machines to electrifying life. Elsa watched the familiar ritual with dread.

Excitedly, Lawrence Talbot also heard the rumble of the rushing water.

"I'm setting the machinery," Dr. Mannering explained. "You'll be all right, Talbot. Everything will be ready for you in a little while."

The old fear returned to Larry's eyes.

"There's so little time! The moon will be full tonight," he cried. "I don't want to live through another spell..."

Dr. Mannering clasped Larry's shoulder.

"I know," he said soothingly. "Now I have work to do. You mustn't bother me."

"Very well," Talbot backed away. "But I warn you...it must be tonight."

Elsa rushed to Mannering in alarm.

"He's insane! Why don't you lock him up, so you can give your full attention to what you promised—destroying the Monster!" she implored.

"Insane? He is not insane. He simply wants to die," Maleva said sadly, leaving the laboratory.

Elsa desperately clasped Mannering's shoulders.



From 1943 until today, this powerful image remains burned into the collective consciousness of all true monster lovers!



**The Baroness can't bear the stress. She's fainted in the arms of an oddly un-Bela looking monster. Could this be an Elsa carrying Franken-double?**

"Listen to me, Frank..." her cheeks burned with tears. "I saw my father become obsessed by the Monster's power...he died a terrible death—just as my grandfather did. It's in your hands to undo the crimes they committed. *We must clear the name of Frankenstein!*"

Mannering embraced her.

"All right," he promised. "Tonight, I hope I can give peace to both of them."

## chapter 20

The laboratory sizzled like a raging thunderstorm. Talbot lay in drugged slumber, confined to a table next to the Monster. The electrodes were in place and Dr. Mannering, his conscience burning, was draining the life energy from both of them.

Exhausted, Elsa startled awake in her old bedchamber, hearing the horrific whirling of the machines. Soon the nightmares would end.

Villagers scampered into the streets, drawn by the flashing tempest from the ruins.

"Where's Vazec in all this?" the Mayor asked, looking about.

"He said he'd blow up the dam..." Rudi said, aghast.

Dr. Mannering had steeled himself to throw the final switch, but there was no use.

"It would be murder..." he said aloud. "I can't do it."

Gazing upon the Monster, a mad gleam came into Mannering's eyes.

"I can't destroy Frankenstein's creation...I've got to see it at its full power!"

Rapidly, the scientist changed the poles on the Monster from minus to plus. Raw power surged, racing through its hungry veins. The loathsome yellow eyes opened.

"Stop it!" Elsa screamed from the doorway. "You're making him strong again!"

The Monster jeered at Elsa, its thin black lips curled in an ugly smile.

She dashed to the switchboard, throwing a lever. The deafening blast rocked the entire lab. Seething fire began to spread.

Talbot's eyes snapped open, the full moon glared down from the high-arched windows.

In the distance, another explosion resounded, primed by dynamite, collapsing the mighty dam, sending a flood of white



**My foe has fleas! But I can delouse any Wolfman with one hand tied behind my back!**

rapids raging ferociously toward the ruins.

Vazec drunkenly grinned, well satisfied with himself.

The Monster broke loose, trudging forward, lunging for Elsa.

Regaining his reason, Dr. Mannering gripped a heavy wrench as weapon, but a single blow from the giant sent him reeling.

Helplessly in the Monster's inhuman grip, Elsa could not struggle against the leering creature. There was no escape...

Suddenly, the Wolf Man blocked their path, hungry for the kill.

## **chapter 21**

The werewolf leapt, striking the Monster to the floor. The frothing fangs tore into the grey flesh, but found no human blood. Elsa rolled away, finally free.

The Monster hurled the beast away, rising to its towering height. Bent with his aching ribs, Dr. Mannering could hardly believe his own eyes. Talbot had been telling the truth all along. Hearing the angry deluge descending upon them, Mannering took his last chance. Snatching Elsa by the hand, they escaped the laboratory inferno.

Frenzied with blood-lust, the creatures battled on. The Wolf

Man collided again with the Monster. Iron fingers and animal claws dug and tore. The giant reveled in its great strength, all-powerful, invincible. Then, it gaped in disbelief as the werewolf rose again, unhurt, a murderous gleam in his moon-crazed eyes.

The Wolf Man circled the Monster, hunting for a weakness. Scrambling atop the smoldering machines, he prepared to seize upon the giant. Abruptly, the Monster collapsed the ponderous apparatus with a single mighty shove, sending the werewolf sprawling.

Neither fiends had ever faced such undying prey.

Again, the Wolf Man sought the heights, his animal cunning driving him on. Perched upon a boulder, he was set for the final death-leap. The Monster loomed fearlessly, trunk-like arms upraised, seething with its unbridled power.

They furiously collided, falling, growling, fighting, as the thundering flood came crashing in upon them, erupting though the disintegrating walls, swallowing up the laboratory.

From a cliff-top in the distance, Mannering and Elsa watched in silence as the ruins were borne away by the waves, and lost in the depths and darkness.

**THE END**

Universal Film S.A.

# FRANKENSTEIN

*contre le*

# LOUP GAROU

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN

ILONA  
**MASSEY**  
PATRIC  
**KNOWLES**

BELA LUGOSI · LIONEL ATWILL  
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA

LON **CHANEY**

**FRANKENSTEIN** TEGEN **WEERWOLF**

# CONFESSIONS OF A COLLECTOMANIAC

By DENNIS BILLOWS



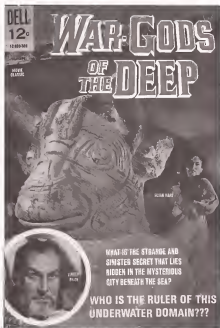
What does Vincent Price, playing the king of a city under the sea, commanding creatures, not fish...&, yet...not quite human either in **WAR-GODS OF THE DEEP** (1965)...

-& Boris Karloff, a scientist with a sinister secret in the house at the end of the world in **DIE, MONSTER, DIE!** (1965)...

-& a **FANTASTIC VOYAGE** (1966) thru the human bloodstream, battling the immune system & a traitor ordered to sabotage the first mission to cure a human injury from inside his brain?

-have in common?

They were movies...and comic books.



An early comic adaptation. From motion picture to pulp!

#### THE LA LA LAND UNKNOWN

In April of 1939 the first comic book adaption of a horror, sci-fi, or fantasy film (*THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*, 1939) was published in "Movie Comics" #1. The series was not a success, so the trend did not continue. "Movie Comics" only lasted 6 issues.

The next serious attempt to adapt sci-fi & fantasy films into comic book format occurred when Dell published "Four Color" comics in 1957 with the dinosaur epic, *THE LAND UNKNOWN* almost twenty years later! But after this series premiered, like the seed pods from *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* popping up in every basement, movie comics appeared in every candy store. Most of them were westerns and cartoon characters, but a small, select group of these comics were based on sci-fi & fantasy films. The artists were given early versions of the movie scripts so sometimes the story didn't follow the finished film exactly, & they seldom saw stills, so characters didn't look like the actors, but the covers were exciting, & many of the artists were among the best, so the series was popular.

The following is a list of the 20 fantasy & sci-fi Dell "Four Color" comics published between 1957 & 1961:

*THE LAND UNKNOWN* #845, *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME* (with Anthony Quinn) #854, Ray



A movie comic book featuring FM fan-favorite Korloff

Harryhausen's *7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD* #944 (drawn by Buscema), Steve Reeves' *HERCULES* #1006 (also drawn by Buscema), *DARBY O'GILL & THE LITTLE PEOPLE* #1024 (Alex Toth art), Jules Verne's *JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH* #1060 (starring James Mason & Pat Boone), *MEN INTO SPACE* #1083 (Murphy Anderson art), George Pal's *THE TIME MACHINE* #1085 (Toth), the Russian epic *SWORD & THE DRAGON* #1118, *DINOSAURUS* #1120, *HERCULES UNCHAINED* #1121 (Crandall & Evans), Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *THE LOST WORLD* #1145 (Gil Kane), Jules Verne's *MASTER OF THE WORLD* #1157 (published in 1961), Ray Harryhausen's *THE 3 WORLDS OF GULLIVER* #1158 (2 issues exist with different photo covers), Pal's *ATLANTIS, THE LOST CONTINENT* #1188, Harryhausen's *MYSTERIOUS ISLAND* #1213, Steve Reeves as *THIEF OF BAGDAD* #1229 (Reed Crandall & Evans adaption), Irwin Allen's *VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA* #1230, *PHANTOM PLANET* #1234, & lastly *THE UNDERWATER CITY* #1328 (drawn by Evans in 1961).

#### monster movie mayhem

In 1962 Dell changed the name to "Movie Classics." Twenty-one adaptions of fantasy films were published from 1962 to 1969. I'm not including *THE MUMMY* (11/62), *DRACULA*





**This mini-king will break his crown when this Tabby leaves him scabby!**

**Little people slowing your commute? Try the windshield wipers!**



(12/62), FRANKENSTEIN (5/63), THE WOLFMAN (8/63), & THE CREATURE (FROM THE BLACK LAGOON) (both in 1963 & 64) in this list because none of them followed the classic Universal films.

All movie comics had colorful photo covers.

1962: THE MAGIC SWORD, & THE THREE STOOGES MEET HERCULES.

1963: JACK THE GIANT KILLER, JASON & THE ARGONAUTS, THE RAVEN (Vincent Price version), & TALES OF TERROR (Vincent Price/Edgar Allan Poe).

1964: MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS, & TWICE TOLD TALES (stories by Nathaniel Hawthorne).

1965: TOMB OF LIGELA (Vincent Price, Roger Corman, & Poe), & WAR-GODS OF THE DEEP (Vincent Price, Poe, & a smattering of H.P. Lovecraft).

1966: AROUND THE WORLD UNDER THE SEA, DIE, MONSTER, DIE (Boris Karloff adaption of H.P. Lovecraft's "The Color Out of Space"), & DR. WHO & THE DALEKS (starring Peter Cushing).

1967: MAD MONSTER PARTY (Boris Karloff-voiced animated film).

1969: VALLEY OF GWANGI (Ray Harryhausen's dinosaur western based on a concept by Willis O'Brien).

Rival Gold Key/Whitman released 7 titles in the sci-fi/fantasy genre between 1963 & 1968: FANTASTIC VOYAGE (adaptation by Wally Wood & Dan Adkins of the movie starring Raquel Welch), FIRST MEN IN THE MOON, THE GNOME MOBILE, KING KONG (both a comic-size & a huge Treasury size adaption of the 1933 film befitting the 8th Wonder of the World), 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA (this was a reprint of the "Four Color" 1950's comic adaption of the Jules Verne-Disney film), & X--THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES (starring Ray Milland as a man cursed with the ability to see through anything).

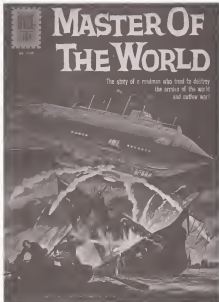
It seems, for the moment, that the movie-comic's time has ended with the same finality as the annihilation of the earth at the end of BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES (1970).

So now they've become collector's items.

## clues to comic collecting

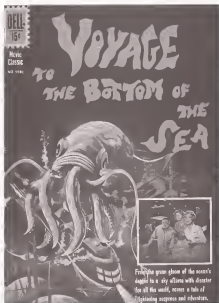
Finding these comics isn't easy. There are very few comic book stores, usually only one in a major city. And, as every ghouliboy knows, used book shops frown on comic books. They claim it isn't literature. I guess they never read the "Classics Illustrated" adaptations of FRANKENSTEIN, MOBY DICK, A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT, DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, & so many others which adhered to the written novel. They were good enough to earn an A+ on my book reports...oops...did I say that out loud?

I know it's difficult to find back-issues of comics, but hold your hearses, Darby O'Gill & the little bird told me that your relatives might have some stored in the attic, or your local drug store owner might know a customer who would be willing to trade. Or you can put an ad in the newspaper.



A fantastical cover painting on an early Dell comic.

The comic-i-zation of a popular TV show.



**You ought to put something  
on that sunburn. You don't  
want to peel, do you?**





**What kind of Mad Monster Party is this?**

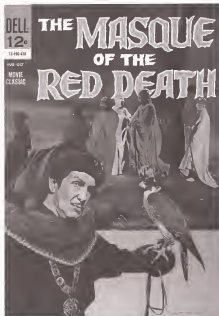
### jumpin' jack trash

If you're lucky enough to have these issues, or if you find any, here's some advice for budding collectors: take care of your collection. The condition of your item is important. Your FAMOUS MONSTERS magazines, comic books, toys, & even "The Frankenscience Monster" paperback, written by FM's punatrating editor, Forrest J Ackerman, may be valuable one day. I was lucky to have parents who tolerated my "strange" interests in monsters & sci-fi, but many parents think comics & monsters are unhealthy. They must run used bookstores. I should also warn you that sometimes mothers become bewitched. They are visited once a year by a demon from hell called Spring Cleaning. Store your collectibles in your bureau drawer or neatly in a box in the closet if you don't want them thrown into a trash bin. If your things are orderly, your mom probably won't bother them. A mom's idea of horror is a messy room. Little does she know. True horror is coming home to find that your mom threw out your FAMOUS MONSTERS collection. Brrrrrrrr! Now, that's... too gruesome to talk about.

In order for mom to respect your collection, she might ask for something in return. Agree to something painless...like watching the Red Skeleton show or listening to Dino Shore records.

### oversight in overstreet

There are only 44 movie comics to collect. That's do-able. They're affordable, only about 50 cents or less, I guess. A





COLUMBIA PICTURES presents THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD  
co-starring KERWIN MATHEWS and KATHRYN GRANT

TECHNICOLOR (R)

Copyright © 1958 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All Rights Reserved. This is a Technicolor Production. Technicolor Inc., New York, N.Y.

58/187

**Remember, there are no small parts, just small actors. Really small actors.**

comic book price guide was published this year, but it only covers Golden Age comics. I hope Mr. Overstreet will publish another edition some day & expand it to cover all comic books. "Four Color" comics are listed (#1 thru #121) with #1 (1942) in mint condition priced at \$30.00, so I can't imagine the comics I've listed would be more than 50 cents to \$1. MOVIE COMICS #1 (1939) with the adaption of SON OF FRANKENSTEIN is listed for \$35.00 in mint condition.

I know the prices for older comics are high, but it's not like I'm suggesting that you invest in ACTION COMICS #1 (the first appearance of Superman, 1938) for \$300 in mint condition! If you can't find your favorite movie comic, or for those of you on a budget, I suggest back issues of FAMOUS MONSTERS. Issues as far back as #31 are still available thru our back issue department for \$1 each. Investing in these issues could be like investing in a ghoulish mine, but no one can predict the future. Never assume that the value of what you collect will increase over time. You should collect because

you like what you collect. There's no greater feeling than the one a collector experiences when he finds that one special issue or toy he's been looking for.

It's like traveling on a FANTASTIC VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD UNDER THE SEA to find ATLANTIS, THE LOST CONTINENT with a little help from your friends HERCULES, THE THIEF OF BAGDAD, JACK THE GIANT KILLER, & JASON & THE ARGONAUTS--and at the end you alone found THE MAGIC SWORD.

Which you trade for a copy of FAMOUS MONSTERS #1.

EVEN MONSTERS KNOW WHERE TO SHOP!

STATUES

TOYS

MONSTERS UNIVERSE

FRANKENSTEIN

"FOR ALL THINGS MONSTER"

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# YOU AXED FOR IT!



If you're ever invited to this OLD DARK HOUSE, don't go! You may run afoul of this fiend. Who can survive Karloff's Killing Karess?

# PROFESSOR GRUEBEARD™

WORLD'S OLDEST MAN WILL DEAL WITH AS MANY QUESTIONS AS HE CAN PER ISSUE AT NO CHARGE TO FM READERS.

**Q** What is the difference between a werewolf and a wolfman?



**A** Werewolf is the old English translation of the Greek word *lykanthropos* (*lycanthrope*). "wer" is the Old English word for "man." The modern English translation of *lykanthropos* (*lykos*=wolf, and *anthropos*=man) is wolf-man.

**Q** On the television show *THE MUNSTERS*, Lily Munster is a vampire and Herman Munster is a Frankenstein, but their child Eddie is a werewolf, how can that be?



**A** Herman Munster was created with the body parts of a werewolf

**Q** In the movie *DRACULA* why does the Count have armadillos in his castle?



**A** Even though armadillos don't actually live in central Europe, the director and Texas native Tod Browning insisted that the castle contained the beloved beast.

**Q** How do 3D movies like *HOUSE OF WAX* and *CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON* work?



**A** The films include two colored layers, one red and one blue, in a single strip of film shown from one projector. One layer is predominately red, and the other is predominately blue or green. To experience the 3D you must wear special glasses with one lens red and one lens blue, allowing each eye to see a separate color. The difference between the two colors causes your brain to see them as one image, in three dimensions. This confuses the brain, unleashing large amounts of psychic energy that creates brief 90 minute windows where you can see through time and space and into another dimension... THE THIRD DIMENSION!!

**Q** What were the 1000 faces of Lon Chaney Sr.?



**A** LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE UNKNOWN, THE PENALTY, TREASURE ISLAND, THE MIRACLE MAN, THE BLACKBIRD, THE UNHOLY THREE, LAUGH... Our APE-ologies, we have run out of room!



# OVER YOUR HEAD IN HOLLYWOOD



By Joe Moe



Lon Chaney and Jack Pierce labored long hours to turn Stars of the Silver Screen into Stars of the Shivery Screens! Collodian, cotton and latex build-ups took the better part of a morning to transform Boris the Benign into Frankenstein's flat-topped monster. Dozens of pounds of rubber hump and harness were strapped onto Lon and sticks of putty and greenspant employed to hunch the back of the Notre-torious bell ringer. Even Bela braved a tedious eyebrow pencil to achieve the perfect archetypal arch! It took hours to apply all that makeup and movie magic – then hours more to remove it all, careful not to destroy the dermis of our horror heroes. So, young FM readers. You still wanna be a modern monster? Times have changed, but even nowadays it's gonna take some time to make your transformation. At least – thirty seconds!

How's that, you say? How do I become a moldering mummy in less than a minute? A glistening Gillman from a Black Lagoon in a gasp? A murderous Mr. Hyde in a heartbeat? No, it's not Dr. X's creep-ray gun. And you won't achieve a rabid face more rapidly with a box of Monster Helper. You can't possibly grow the lobes of a Metalunan Mutant by just adding water to a pack of Ghoul-aid, either. The answer? Don Post Studios! Where else can you find your favorite fiendish face and slip into it in a flash? You've seen photos of the famous monster masks in ads in the pages of FM. Maybe you've been lucky enough to behold some of these rubber monsterpieces at your local magic and novelty store or even at Disneyland! Perhaps you have the best kind of parents who know that monsters are good for their children and actually let you order a mask from Captain Company?

Don Post originated the rubber, "over-the-head" mask way back around 1930! Long before most of you were even

a twinkle in your Cyclops' eye. Back then, Don Post made masks of popular characters like Edgar Bergen's famous ventriloquist's puppet Charlie McCarthy and sinister monsters, er, political figures like Adolph Hitler. In the 50's, the masks were so popular that the great Brinks Bank robbers were said to have worn Don Post Halloween masks as part of their disguise. But Don Post also contributed his studio's skills to the big and small screens. In fact, Don Post's work can be seen in many horror-related entertainments like the television shows: THE TWILIGHT ZONE, OUTER LIMITS, ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS, THE MUNSTERS, as well as movies we love like 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA (that giant octopus) and INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS (those unforgettable alien pods)! Why you might even recognize a Don Post mask being worn by a suave publisher featured on the cover of the very first issue of an infamous monster mag!

But it was when Don Post Studios began licensing and making deluxe masks of the popular Universal horror characters that monster kids everywhere beamed (and victims screamed)! And with master mask sculptors like Pat "fingers" Newman, young Verne Langdon and Don Post himself making our nightmares into 3-D, every Lom, Tie, & Scary can transform themselves into their favorite movie monster. You can choose classics like Frankenstein's monster and the Phantom of the Opera. But there are also more obscure characters available like the Mole Man and the Mad Doctor. Each mask is poured from heavy-duty latex rubber, hand painted to detailed perfection and features lifelike hair applied meticulously. Strand by strand. These are the most deluxe masks a fan could want to wear out. And with minimal care, they don't wear out! A work of art for your face! Just think! If you own more than one, Dracula can meet the Wolfman every night! A Hunchback can share sanctuary and a banana split with a Gorilla! Nobody will fault





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# Monster

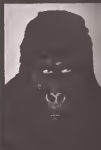
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**Here's a one-page spread from the Dan Past Calendar featuring their most famous faces**



**Verne, Hyde, Quasi, Don and Fory view "the body".**

you for being two-faced!

In the mid-1960's Uncle Fory himself tagged along for The Don Post Studios Traveling Monster Show sponsored by Southern California Uni-Mart stores. He appeared alongside, then Post Studios partner, Verne Langdon and the familiar wrestler/actor the Super Swedish Angel – that's right! Good ol' Tor Johnson! It's been said that Tor's mask likeness was and remains one of Don Post's biggest sellers. Isn't that as it should be? Horror's BIGGEST actor is a BIGGEST seller? Verne Langdon co-created this sideshow-y performance with L. Strock Rupert and Sid Koss. A troupe of young actors showed off the monster masks on stage and Don Post, Fory, Tor and Verne signed autographs for all the excited fans that gathered. At the time, the monster show was featured in the pages of FM #38 where fairway fans could get a pictorial taste of this West Coast happening. Pick up a copy of this back issue in our Captain Company catalog – while they last! Around this time, the Don Post Studio calendar was born and featured colorful pix of the now familiar masks.

Here we are in the 70's! Don Post Studios is still going strange, er, strong! So many new creatures have been cast and elasticized by these Hollywood rubber barons! We've seen a Glen Strange Frankenstein monster. A huge King Kong figure by Marcel Delgado. Gort. Bald head caps and makeup kits. Planet of the Apes masks. Laughing clowns and frowning hounds. Who knows what weird wearable wonders the studio will come up with next? Today, Don Post Sr. remains the heart of the business, but Don Post Jr. is following in his Dad's Bigfoot steps and heading up operations. FM fan and talented special makeup and effects wizard Bill Malone is Vice President of the company and Rob Short is a Lab Technician. You might recall that the team of Malone and Short spent thousands of hours recreating a full-sized replica of the Robotrix from Fritz Lang's METROPOLIS for display at Fory's Ackermuseum. Today Don Post Studios continues doing their part to keep our favorite Famous Monsters alive! And you do your part to breathe life into those monsters every time you pull the ghoul over your eyes!

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FM #70

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# MYSTERY PHOTO



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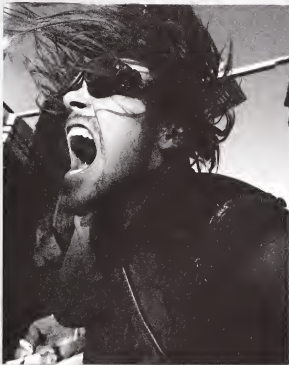
This scary film, so terrifying it must have been made by an American In Paris (or Apemen In Pittsburgh), features a healer afflicted with the same precious condition as Tolkien's Smeagol. This poor woman, so haunted by Andre Delambre and lack of a good plumber takes the notion "be careful or you'll end up choking" to a new level. Rearrange A BACKSTABBER WAR DOTH FLOP and the answer to this month's mystery photo will certainly ring true for you.

**ANSWER**  
TO MYSTERY  
PHOTO  
NO.70



**Spider Baby (1968)**

# DOWNSTREAM



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